

THE DRAMATIC COLLABORATIONS OF  
WILLIAM CHARLES MACREADY

BY

CHARLES HARLEN SHATTUCK

A.B., University of Illinois, 1932

M.A., University of Illinois, 1934

AN ABSTRACT OF A THESIS

SUBMITTED IN PARTIAL FULFILLMENT OF THE REQUIREMENTS  
FOR THE DEGREE OF DOCTOR OF PHILOSOPHY IN  
ENGLISH IN THE GRADUATE SCHOOL OF THE  
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However lovingly our historians of the English drama have ransacked the sixteenth century and the seventeenth, however copiously they have listed the output of the eighteenth, they have traditionally passed the early nineteenth with haste and scorn. Very recently, through the efforts of Messrs. Watson, Nicoll, and Reynolds,<sup>1</sup> we have observed some corrective applied, but even yet the attitude persists that we must applaud only the closet-drama of the greater romantics, sneer at the "acted drama" of Sheil, Knowles, and Bulwer, and seek to explain "the decline of the drama" during that time.

The truth is that the age was dramatically the most prolific that England had ever known;<sup>2</sup> and, what is more important, during a part of the age—say, from 1820 to 1845—Englishmen believed that they were witnessing a truly great dramatic renaissance. In the preface to his tragedy of *Ion*, in April, 1836, Thomas Noon Talfourd recorded the following observations of the contemporary dramatic scene:

But the tragic drama was about to revive amongst us, and I was not insensible to its progress. Although the tragedies of the last twelve years are not worthy to be compared with the noblest productions of the great age of our drama, they are with two or three exceptions, far superior to any which had been written in the interval. Since the last skirts of the glory of Shakespeare's age disappeared, we shall search in vain for serious plays of equal power and beauty with *Virginius*, *William Tell*, *Mirandola*, *Rienzi*, or the *Merchant of London*; at least, if we except *Venice Preserved* for the admirable conduct of its story, and *Douglas* for that romantic tenderness and pathos which have been too little appreciated of late years.

Talfourd wrote this in 1835. Ten years later he might have doubled or trebled the list, and thrown in two or three comedies as well, to the honor of his day.

I don't know that we need follow the proud enthusiasm of Talfourd and his fellows to the limit, and stuff out our histories with expansive revaluations of their work. In the long run, the



greatest contribution of the time was probably not the "literary" drama at all, but that "illegitimate" kind (which Talfourd despised) called melodrama. Nevertheless, it is false and foolish writing of history which disregards the fact that the age nourished its high ambitions, and had faith at times that it was doing a good job. Suppose we assume for the moment that the total result was failure (whatever that may mean): the proper analysis of that failure must interest, and may serve, ourselves. Suppose, again, we assume no such thing. The drama of the time delighted the time—reason enough to give it honorable record. Nor, as a matter of fact, was it always so bad as its contemners would make out: Mary Mitford's best would outplay Shakespeare's worst on any stage, any day.

There was, then, a dramatic renaissance, which many then living thought a great one. A dozen or more authors contributed work to it which, though now largely forgotten, enjoyed theatrical success at the time, while unreckoned dozens of others strove earnestly, if vainly, to give their portions too. Now if there was any man who can be said to have stood at the head of the movement, who encouraged and directed it, who brought the fruit to bear, it was the actor, manager, and gentleman-scholar, William Charles Macready.<sup>3</sup> He was the artist, Talfourd's preface continues, "to whom all have by turns been indebted for the realization of their noblest conceptions". Though the son of an actor-manager of the provinces, he had been educated for the Law, or the Church, and had entered the theatre only because of the pressure of his father's financial distress. He regarded the theatre with mixed emotions. As a medium of artistic expression he loved it, but he despised it as a scene of social and intellectual degradation. The great ambition of his life was to raise it to the dignity which historically and philosophically it ought to enjoy. Thus he brought to the theatre what it had rarely enjoyed from an actor—good taste, a mind trained in literary values, and ardent, high ideals. To dramatic literature, on the other hand, he brought what in that day it seems to have needed—the practical criticism of a man well-schooled in stage-technique. Weaponed in either hand, he won his way to the front of the dramatic

revival, and maintained his position there as long as the revival lasted. It was eventually admitted by everyone that he had been the means of introducing nearly all the best successes of his time.

The chief purpose of my study has been to report Macready's relations with the dramatists and his contributions to their work. I have compiled first a skimming survey of all his relationships, and then, in two separate sections, full records of those with Edward Bulwer and Robert Browning. Since the task has been rather to exhibit than to prove, no mere summary of "findings" can properly represent the text, but a few pages may serve to cast up panoramic groupings of the plays of his career, to illustrate his technique of collaboration, and to point the moral of the special studies of Bulwer and Browning.

The identification of Macready's fortunes with the fortunes of the modern drama dates almost from his London début. Possessing neither transcendent genius nor surface flash, and arriving in town at a moment when the rosters were filled with acknowledged stars, he was prohibited from the great classic rôles and forced to turn to novelties or starve. In the four seasons from 1816 to 1820, he created twenty parts, nearly all of which (as he clearly recognized) were low in kind—Gothic horrors, Kotzebian sentiment, hystemical romance, and assorted trash. His only discoverable contribution to these plays was superlative acting; he played whatever came his way, albeit unwillingly, as well as he could. His specialty was villains. During his fourth season, after achieving top-rank in classic rôles with *Richard III*, he gave the stage *Virginus*, the greatest new tragedy within memory, and thus initiated the dramatic renaissance of his time.

So far as Macready is concerned, that renaissance had two major phases: first, a period of about five years, from 1820 to 1825; then, after a long fallow lapse, a seven-year period, from 1836 to 1843. During the first period he was not very fortunately situated, being a young actor in the hire of men often unsympathetic to his interests. He was able, nevertheless, to devote great energies to the aid of dramatists, both in the composition and the performing of their works. He acted in eight new tragedies—



Knowles's *Virginius*, *Caius Gracchus*, and *William Tell*; Walker's *Wallace*; Proctor's *Mirandola*; Banim's *Damon and Pythias*; Shiel's *The Huguenot*; and Miss Mitford's *Julian*—and tutored the writing of several more, including Miss Mitford's *Rienzi*, *The Foscari*, and *Charles I.* The group displays a curious homogeneity of tone; it may be described, with one or two exceptions, as heroic tragedy, democratic style. The usual theme is the celebration of the rugged, homely "Roman" virtues of some great commoner or lesser nobleman whose domestic and political affairs commingle to a tragic end. He who runs may read in these plays an odd shift in the English Romantic Movement. Just as Englishmen were turning home from the vagaries of Shelley and Byron to the safe simplicity of Wordsworth, so too in the theatre they were putting by the heavily seasoned Kotzebian dish to gulp the good food of Knowles and his followers with honest delight.

From 1825 to 1836 Macready's plays were oddly assorted and generally unsuccessful. In one or two the public taste for the domestic-heroic may be seen to persist. Two were post-humous productions of Byron. One was a translation from the French—Hugo's *Hernani*. One was a refurbished eighteenth century tragedy. One a comedy. Two or three were neo-Elizabethanisms. It should be noted that, beyond playing his assigned part, Macready had little to do with any of them. The reasons for this are not altogether clear, but we may remark as partial explanation that during several seasons he was absent from London, and that he was to some degree in disgrace with dramatic authors because of the unfortunate publicity arising out of a quarrel with Miss Mitford.<sup>4</sup>

During the second period, after 1836, being much of the time his own manager or else free to produce what he pleased under the management of others, having a larger and somewhat more catholic audience, and with a greater number of authors at his disposal, he was able to bring forward a wide variety of plays. The variety may be suggested by noting the extremes. At one end, we discover the *soi-disant* classification of Talfourd's *Ion*, which, at, least according to the author's own word, was



too rare and delicate a growth to thrive upon the stage; at the other the avowed theatricality of, say, Bulwer's *Lady of Lyons*. The extremes are significant, for in reading the plays and the dramatic criticism of the time we are constantly aware of the strange war going on between "literature" and "the stage". Literary worth and stage success, it was felt, were incompatible, and the pretenders to immortality frequently preferred to publish their works as dramatic poems rather than suffer the ignominy of public failure, or the even more to be feared accusation, if they succeeded, of having stooped to compromise with claptrap and tricks. Fortunately for Macready, a fair number of authors were willing to humble themselves. Thus, for instance, Bulwer's *Richelieu*, the greatest of all Macready's vehicles, made actual, free, and perhaps deliberate use of all the most effective techniques of melodrama, and was often described as melodrama by the critics of the time. Thus even Talfourd, though he affected to despise *The Lady of Lyons*, allowed his "pure and sweet" Hellenism to become grossly overlaid with melodramatic device. I, for one, cannot but regret that the art of melodrama did not attract other, better, and rather more whole-hearted practitioners than it did, and so achieve in England, as in France, that full development which the average theatre-goer longed to applaud.

One of the deepest-running streams of influence moving over the drama of the time, which touched all writers—Talfourd at his loftiest moments, Bulwer at his most playful—was the drama of the Elizabethans. With Shakespeare constantly dinning in their ears from the stage, imitation was inevitable. The new Shakespearian criticism of Coleridge, Hazlitt, and the rest had uncovered, as it were, the secrets of conjury, and raised in dramatists the hope that by repeating old formulae they could raise old spirits too. Here is no place to plumb a matter which itself demands long investigation, but we may note at least that Haynes's *Mary Stuart*, Serle's *Master Clarke*, and Lovell's *Porvost of Bruges* resemble in form and conduct the average Elizabethan historical tragedy; that Knowles's *Woman's Wit* and *The Secretary* find excuse, if not inspiration, for their narrative

loose-jointedness in the romantic story-telling dramatists of the late Jacobean period; that Smith's *Athelwold* is Marlovian in verse; that Troughton's *Nina Sforza* and Darley's *Plighted Troth* remind one of Webster in their frenzied demonics. Words, phrases, and rhythms in every play tease the reader with echoes of what he has heard elsewhere. We may be sure, indeed, that this echo-language formed a substantial portion of the pleasure derived by the nineteenth century audiences. One of the most striking instances of the force of Elizabethanism is revealed in the career of Browning, who, after failing repeatedly to produce a stageworthy play by more independent means, succumbed finally to the adaptation of Shakespearian material for his famous *A Blot in the 'Scutcheon*.

A few of the plays of this second period give promise at least of something significantly new. With Browning's *Strafford*, for instance, we know that the author yearned for, even though he by no means achieved, a richer technique of character-portrayal than the age had offered. Griffin's *Gisippus* was an earnest if awkward attempt to purge stage-language of foolish decoration. Taylor's *Philip van Artevelde* and Lovell's *Provost of Bruges* carried burdens of social philosophy conducive to democratic ideals. Serle's *Master Clarke* was an effort to develop dramatically the pleasant spirit of philosophical reflectiveness peculiar to its author. Far beyond all these in real attainment, however, two plays stand alone. Bulwer's comedy of *Money* and Marston's tragedy of *The Patrician's Daughter* were, for their time, remarkable representations of modern life upon the stage. By the immutable credo of the time, the dramatist who aspired to highest success had necessarily to weave his work upon a historical frame, for it was held that only in the stories of the mighty dead could an author strip his subject of the accidental and display great golden ideals. But Bulwer and Marston sought to dramatize vital issues of the world they lived in and to harness them in the paraphernalia of daily life. Tradition was too strong for them. Neither being a genius neither could break loose into that complete realism which the later part of the century came to know—nor, indeed, we may suppose,



would they have been understood, or their "breach of taste" been tolerated, if they had done so. But the effort they made, and the direction their minds were running, is auspicious of things to come.

It is impossible to catalogue Macready's contributions to the drama, for his influence went everywhere. "It is an indisputable fact, wrote a contemporary, "that whenever Mr. Macready was absent, the poetic drama languished . . . , and was called into immediate life when he returned . . ."; and the words were echoed widely before the end of his career. The collected prefaces and dedication pages of dramatic publications of his day would reveal how his influence superceded that of any other individual, actor or otherwise. All told, he acted in sixty new plays, and in at least thirty-five of these (besides a few more which were eventually performed by others) he gave something, over and above his obvious duty as an actor, to the play's welfare. His services range all the way from suggesting subjects to selling copyrights, and remind us often of the functions of a literary agent. His personality, both on and off the stage, was a source of inspiration. His excellent, if strongly individual, acting gave form and body to the nebulous fancies in dramatists' brains, and many plays were confessedly designed for his especial use. His reputation as a gentleman—a man of intelligence, taste, and high integrity—begot in writers a confidence in the rightness of their endeavor and a trust that their work would receive just and careful treatment in his hands. All plays submitted to him he read scrupulously, and those worth saving he studied with greatest pains. His judgments, right or wrong, were always sincere and well thought upon. When in doubt he could refer to his jury of unofficial advisers, of which his wife, his sister, John Forster, Charles Dickens, and T. J. Serle were regular members, and an immense list of distinguished persons filled up the panel. His communications to authors, so far as I have read them, were frank and chary of praise; his remarks were succinct and clear. He never promised to produce a play until he was sure that the author could and would bring it "quite to the point of excellence", or "quite to the level of his existing repu-

tation". Once he had given his promise he sustained it faithfully and with all possible regard to the author's interests. Above all else, his dramatists could count upon the benefit of his criticism; in at least thirty-five of his sixty new plays (and usually in such a way to win the author's gratitude) he meddled, more or less, in the text.

The amount of the alterations which he worked into his plays varies, of course, from one to the next. Thus, in *Virginus*, which sprang full-armed, he asked only for the correction of a few words, and the insertion of a few additional speeches. But in Procter's *Mirandola* he participated in the composition to an extraordinary degree: he donated most of the plot; he played the scenes over as fast as they were written in order to show the author how they ought to go. A fair sample of his average minimum fixing occurs in Talfourd's *Ion*. Inasmuch as it was already well-known to many readers, no drastic change was allowable, even if it had been needed, so that Macready's work consisted mostly in simple excisions to bring it down to playing time. Yet it took an expert in stage-craft to do even this. Talfourd could not have cut it himself, as, in fact, he admitted when he borrowed Macready's version to sell to the Haymarket. Talfourd would have cut the action and retained the "poetical beauties", with ruinous results.

The composite view of all the revisions Macready ever insisted upon is as significant to the history of the drama as to our understanding of Macready himself. We see in them relatively little emphasis upon characterization—at least in the sense of delicate exploration of spiritual depths. All he demanded was a consistent outline: being an actor, it was his own business to supply the rest. He preferred a well-written play to a poorly written one, but plays could not thrive on nice phrasing alone. *The Lady of Lyons*, composed in haste, was one of his greatest successes; *Athelwold*, one of the finest pieces of poetry he ever dealt in, was an unlamented failure. When fine writing became an end in itself with an author, Macready's scissors closed over it with angry snappings. He liked a play to carry a burden of meaning, affecting especially those devoted to social ideals of



a democratic sort; but he could be well content with those which bore only general human values. There was just one thing which he fought constantly to obtain—the one thing which his authors were least able to give him: action. His authors were some of them poets, some philosophers, some scholars, some critics, some tellers of tales. In other genres than the drama they could be as articulate as you please; but the man was rare among them who could transmute the base metal of his idea into the golden stuff of the stage, who could nourish up his germ of meaning into a full growth of smooth, coherent, progressive, and exciting action. They began lamely with exposition; they hobbled home at the end loaded with the chains of “probability” or “the truth of history”; they dumped down in the middle into essays and orations. The first scene of *Athelwold* is made up mostly of an argument over the respective worth of the secular or the ecclesiastical life. Bulwer strove to prevent the introduction of the King into the last scene of *La Vallière*, because he could not make himself believe that the King would have tried at the last moment to reclaim Louise from the nunnery. R. H. Horne’s *Cosmo de’ Medici*, a play which Macready rejected, and which is held nowadays rather above its merit, contains one long scene which is nothing but a parade of Renaissance worthies through the streets of Florence, identified, as they pass, by an obliging cicerone *vice* Horne himself. This sort of thing, the dry-rotted fruit of pedantry and imaginative weakness, Macready had ever to contend with. He fought the same battle dozens of times. The disease was too far gone perhaps, for his post-auctorial applications to restore health in very many of the cases. But such patching and mending as he was able to effect certainly contributed much to what measure of success the plays of his career did enjoy.

No clearer illustration of the value of his literary advice could be desired than that furnished by a review of his relations with Edward Bulwer and Robert Browning.<sup>6</sup> Those with Bulwer constitute one of the most profitable collaborations between author and actor in the history of the drama, those with Browning frustrated failure.

Between Macready and Bulwer there existed, for the most part, affection and respect, and while each was properly mindful of his own interests, he was at the same time solicitous of the welfare of the other. Bulwer is often accused of writing plays for nothing but the notoriety of stage-success. That is unfair. He desired in a very real sense to bring aid to the career of his friend, and for himself he desired not notoriety but fame. He was generous, in other words, and even more to the point, he was sincere. What he wrote may not appear great when measured by the greatest, but it is not servile hack-work either. Granted that he was no genius, we must allow that he was a good workman, and his best is an honor to himself and his generation.

He began as so many others began, with an ambitious and heavily poetized tragedy—*The Duchess de la Vallière*. Being an author of established reputation, he began proudly, dictating terms of remuneration, meddling in the business of production, and resisting Macready's alterations. *La Vallière* failed. It dragged, it was dull: the critics decided that he couldn't make a plot. Nothing daunted, he accepted their challenge, and in *The Lady of Lyons* essayed to prove that he could make a plot. He deliberately abandoned "literature" for the theatre; he threw down the tools of one craft and took up those of another. *The Lady of Lyons* succeeded.

So far, with one or two exceptions, Macready's contributions to his work had been extraneous to the act of composition. But when Bulwer had finally elected the theatre for his profession he apprenticed himself to the master of the craft. His third play, *Richelieu*, was subject to Macready's constant supervision. The long tale of planning, replanning, writing, rewriting, which I have traced in my study, leaves one really to doubt which man is more to be credited with the success of the play. Macready, as usual, busied himself with the perfection of the action, and thoroughly refashioned the plot in the interests of continuity and suspense. Bulwer was especially concerned over the language, desirous by this time to remarry poetry to the stage. Even here we may find a sign of Macready's theatrical wisdom,

for it is the action which keeps the play alive to this day, the poetry having long since been revised nearly out of existence by its adaptors to the modern stage.

*The Sea-Captain* more than anything else, I suspect, is responsible for the low state of Bulwer's reputation among historians of the drama. Here, it is sad but true, Bulwer was indeed doing hack-work for money. Unfortunately the thing did not drop out of sight as the casual pot-boiling of most authors is allowed to do. Bulwer's indiscreet defense of it prompted no less a person than Thackeray to attack it, and his marvelous butchery of it is a minor masterpiece.<sup>7</sup> Thus *The Sea Captain* lives on into a nasty immortality, and its evil odor contaminates the memory of Bulwer's genuine best.

In *Money* Bulwer returned once more to power. Less well-known now than *Richelieu*, it was perhaps greater in achievement. *Richelieu* is simply the greatest melodrama of a generation which produced thousands of melodramas: *Money*, a social comedy, emerges from that same generation as almost the only work of its kind. However tame and but mildly amusing it may seem today, in that age when comedy was reduced to the bawling of painted clowns thwacking each other's tails, when existing society had never seen itself mirrored upon the stage, *Money* was a startling phenomenon and a work reflecting great credit upon the initiative of its author. Or, again, had we not better say authors? Bulwer wrote *Money* quite by himself, in Germany, for from Macready's critical eye. But for at least two years, Macready had been propelling Bulwer's creative urges toward this genre; and before Bulwer went to Germany Macready had given him subject, plot, and theme.

*Money* was the top of Bulwer's flight, the last of his plays which Macready produced. The relationship continued several years longer, during which Bulwer's skill improved, but his next finished plays came too late for Macready to use them.

The indisputable verdict of time has placed Bulwer among the second-rate; it has placed Browning quite as clearly among the first. Why then did Browning's *Strafford* and *A Blot in the 'Scutcheon* fail, where *Richelieu* and *Money* and *The Lady of*



*Lyons* succeeded? The answer usually given is that Browning knew nothing of stage-technique, with the implication that he was born sadly out of time, into a dark age, during "the decline of the drama", when stage-technique was a lost art. The true answer is not that he lacked opportunity to learn stage-technique but that he wouldn't learn it. He lived in an age devoted to theatricality, when thousands of pieces succeeded on no other merit. But the age was devoted to Literature, too, and it kept its gods in separate rooms. And where Bulwer endeavored by a division of sacrifice to reconcile the deities, Browning despised the one and adored the other, and so aimed only to spread the rift wider. He looked at Shakespeare and at Fitzball, and remarked only the difference, which he reduced to an epigram. "Action in Character, rather than Character in Action", he said. He forgot the likeness. He forgot that Shakespeare, for all his human and spiritual wisdom, was never without action—rough, blood-stirring action. He failed to recognize that Shakespeare was the greatest melodramatist of them all. "Action in Character, *as well as* Character in Action", would have hit the truth and served him well. But he was a pushing young man, impatient of half-measures, scornful of the qualifying connective. He would throw out action altogether.

His epigram became his manifesto, and he wrote *Strafford*. Macready, who had admired *Paracelsus*, expected a masterpiece, but *Strafford* turned out to be a sea of words and speeches, a shapeless mass. Certain passages were indeed vigorous, but for the inquiring observer they rose from nowhere and proceeded to no end. Macready tried to revise it, to mold the scenes together into a coherent and progressive unity; but it was past redemption, and Browning rendered the task more hopeless still by obstinate rejection of nearly all his advice. The result was nothing. *Strafford's* first beholders saw little in it worthy of perpetuation, and little reason to expect from Browning a better play in the future.

Bulwer, when his first play had failed, put aside his pretensions and went to work like a humble novitiate. Browning was not so flexible. His next two plays, *King Victor and King Charles* and *The Return of the Druses*, were both intended for the stage

and both less fit for it even than *Strafford* had been. Finally, after *Sordello*, which gave cause to suspect that he was losing his wits, his friends rallied to persuade him that he must come to terms with his public. Moxon, his publisher, put him to work on one experiment in popularity, the *Dramatic Lyrics*. Macready started him to work on another, a refurbishment of Shakespearian plots, which turned out *A Blot in the 'Scutcheon*. The history of this second experiment is very difficult to reconstruct. We know that Browning wrote the play in haste, and at first held it in poor esteem, and that it lay long untouched in Macready's files. Probably Macready thought poorly of it too. His failure to bring it out at any of the numerous crises when he needed a good play would indicate as much. Nor during most of the time he held it did he study to revise it, as was his custom with most plays upon which he set store. When he finally produced it, he did so under pressure from Browning; and, partly from his own fault, partly from Browning's, with extremely inadequate preparation. Its failure destroyed the friendship of the two men forever.

Years later, especially after Macready's death and the partial publication of his diaries, Browning used to assert that his plays had succeeded and at the same time to blame Macready that they failed. The mulish confusion of these latter-day dicta are of a piece with his career as a writer of plays. Where Bulwer approached his task with a respectful desire to learn, and carefully worked his way up in the craft before pretending to reform it, Browning approached his in pride and scorn, and full of obstinate devotion to wrong-headed ideas. Macready found in Bulwer a willing pupil, an able collaborator; in Browning an opinionated incompetent: a genius, no doubt, but for the theatre of his time a dead loss.

## APPENDIX

A list of Macready's principal new plays, after 1820, with the number of performances in the first run.

|            |                                                                       |    |
|------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------|----|
| 17/5/1820  | Knowles, J. S.: <i>Virginius</i> .....                                | 14 |
| 14/11/1820 | Walker, C. E.: <i>Wallace</i> .....                                   | 17 |
| 9/1/1821   | Procter, B. W.: <i>Mirandola</i> .....                                | 15 |
| 28/5/1821  | Banim, John: <i>Damon and Pythias</i> .....                           | 7  |
| 11/12/1822 | Sheil, R. L.: <i>The Huguenot</i> .....                               | 3  |
| 15/3/1823  | Mitford, Mary R.: <i>Julian</i> .....                                 | 8  |
| 18/11/1823 | Knowles, J. S.: <i>Caius Gracchus</i> .....                           | 7  |
| 11/5/1825  | Knowles, J. S.: <i>William Tell</i> .....                             | 11 |
| 28/1/1828  | Reynolds, Frederic: <i>Edward the Black Prince</i> ....               | 2  |
| 10/3/1828  | Herbert, H. J. G.: <i>Don Pedro, King of Castile</i> ....             | 2  |
| 15/12/1830 | Byron, Lord: <i>Werner</i> .....                                      | 17 |
| 8/4/1831   | Kenney, James: <i>The Pledge; or, Castilian Honour</i> .....          | 8  |
| 28/4/1831  | Knowles, J. S.: <i>Alfred the Great; or, The Patriot King</i> .....   | 15 |
| 26/4/1832  | Serle, T. J.: <i>The Merchant of London</i> .....                     | 9  |
| 1/10/1832  | Serle, T. J.: <i>The House of Colberg</i> .....                       | 4  |
| 11/12/1832 | de Trueba y Cosio, Don Telesforo: <i>Men of Pleasure</i> .....        | 4  |
| 10/4/1834  | Byron, Lord: <i>Sardanapalus</i> .....                                | 23 |
| 10/2/1836  | Lovell, G. W.: <i>The Provost of Bruges</i> .....                     | 8  |
| 26/5/1836  | Talfourd, T. N.: <i>Ion</i> .....                                     | 8  |
| 4/1/1837   | Bulwer, Edward: <i>The Duchess de la Vallière</i> ...                 | 8  |
| 1/5/1837   | Browning, Robert: <i>Strafford</i> .....                              | 5  |
| 15/2/1838  | Bulwer, Edward: <i>The Lady of Lyons; or, Love and Pride</i> .....    | 33 |
| 7/4/1838   | Byron, Lord: <i>The Two Foscari</i> .....                             | 3  |
| 23/5/1838  | Knowles, J. S.: <i>Woman's Wit; or, Love's Disguises</i> .....        | 31 |
| 4/8/1838   | Talfourd, T. N.: <i>The Athenian Captive</i> .....                    | 17 |
| 7/3/1839   | Bulwer, Edward: <i>Richelieu; or, The Conspiracy</i>                  | 37 |
| 31/10/1839 | Bulwer, Edward: <i>The Sea-Captain; or, The Birthright</i> .....      | 38 |
| 22/1/1840  | Haynes, James: <i>Mary Stuart</i> .....                               | 20 |
| 23/5/1840  | Talfourd, T. N.: <i>Glencoe; or, The Fate of the Macdonalds</i> ..... | 22 |
| 26/9/1840  | Serle, T. J.: <i>Master Clarke</i> .....                              | 9  |
| 8/12/1840  | Bulwer, Edward: <i>Money</i> .....                                    | 80 |
| 1/11/1841  | Troughton, R. Z. S.: <i>Nina Sforza</i> .....                         | 18 |
| 23/3/1842  | Griffin, Gerald: <i>Gisippus</i> .....                                | 20 |



|            |                                                                         |    |
|------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------|----|
| 20/4/1842  | Darley, Charles: <i>Plighted Troth; or, A Woman Her Own Rival</i> ..... | 1  |
| 20/5/1842  | Byron, Lord: <i>Marino Faliero, Doge of Venice</i> ....                 | 2  |
| 10/12/1842 | Marston, J. W.: <i>The Patrician's Daughter</i> .....                   | 11 |
| 24/4/1843  | Knowles, J. S.: <i>The Secretary</i> .....                              | 3  |
| 18/5/1843  | Smith, William; <i>Athelwold</i> .....                                  | 2  |
| 20/5/1846  | White, James: <i>The King of the Commons</i> .....                      | 13 |
| 22/11/1847 | Taylor, Henry: <i>Philip van Artevelde</i> .....                        | 5  |

<sup>1</sup> Watson, Ernest Bradlee: *Sheridan to Robertson, a Study of the Nineteenth Century Stage*. Cambridge, 1926. Nicoll, Allardyce: *A History of Early Nineteenth Century Drama, 1800-1850*, 2 v., New York, 1930. Reynolds, Ernest: *Early Victorian Drama (1830-1870)*, Cambridge, England, 1936.

<sup>2</sup> Mr. Nicoll has counted c. 12,000 titles for the period 1800-1850—twice as many as for the hundred and fifty years preceding.

<sup>3</sup> William Charles Macready (1793-1873) first acted at Birmingham in 1810, made his London début at Covent Garden, September 16, 1816, managed Covent Garden 1837-1839, managed Drury Lane 1841-1843, and retired February 26, 1851.

<sup>4</sup> See *Blackwood's Magazine*, April, 1825.

<sup>5</sup> *A Brief Memoir of Mr. Macready*, London, 1845.

<sup>6</sup> My study of Bulwer's theatrical activity has enjoyed the benefit of a large collection of Macready's letters to Bulwer, most kindly provided from his private collection by the Earl of Lytton.

<sup>7</sup> See *Fraser's Magazine*, January, 1840.

## VITA

Charles Harlen Shattuck was born November 23, 1910, near Belvidere, Illinois. He attended public schools of that city. He entered the University of Illinois in 1928 and proceeded A.B. in 1932, M.A. in 1934. In 1931 he was elected to Phi Beta Kappa. He is an instructor in the Department of English at the University of Illinois, where he has taught since 1934.









